

LADY RANDOLPH CAN AID ASTOR.

It Was She Who Made Her Former Husband a Political Success.

Her Sagacity Would Be a Powerful Help to the American's Ambition.

His Millions May Be Needed to Fight for the Marlborough Title and Estates.

NEITHER POPULAR IN SOCIETY.

Brilliance Has Won Only Ill-Will for Her and She Is Not Persona Grata at Court—Too Much Money His Great Fault.

If Mr. William Waldorf Astor has any political aspirations in England he can hardly do better than secure Lady Randolph Churchill for a helpmate. She is a woman of remarkable sagacity and shrewdness and justly deserves the credit of having been the principal factor in attaining the celebrity and eminence achieved by her late husband. To such an extent was this the case that Lord Randolph Churchill, who was of a very jealous and susceptible turn of mind, would frequently display irritation at the notion of his wife being regarded as responsible for his success.

Whereas he was a creature of impulse, capricious and apt to offend people by the brevity of his temper and sarcasm of his speech, being ever ready to sacrifice even old friendship if it stood in the way of an engram, his wife, on the other hand, always displayed a breadth of mind and shrewdness that won for her a reputation not merely English, but European. She is as well known and as respected for her cleverness on the banks of the Neva and at Vienna as in London, while Paris may be said to constitute her second home.

She is no mere popular in London society; she is too brilliant for that, for women of her intellectual calibre are regarded with ill-will when they have the misfortune of being foreigners. Nor is she persona grata at court. At neither Windsor nor Marlborough House is she liked, and if she wears attached to her left shoulder the insignia of the Order of the Crown of India, the latter does not imply a token of royal favor, since it was conferred in accordance with the invariable custom that prescribes the grant of this particular order to the wives of statesmen who have held the office of Secretary of State for India.

QUEEN VICTORIA SLIGHTED. The Queen has never forgotten the slight placed upon herself by Lord Randolph Churchill, when, during a visit to her Majesty, he coolly notified the newspapers by letters written upon note paper bearing the royal cipher, that he had resigned his office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, without having previously informed his sovereign or the Prime Minister of his determination.

No one to this day knows just what prompted him to behave in the fashion, but it is generally understood that he led to throw up his office by overhearing some indiscreet remark made by one of the Queen's guests to the effect that he was indebted for his political eminence and for his favor in high quarters to his wife's cleverness and above all, to the admiration which her beauty had inspired in the heart of the Duke of Clarence. He took the matter tragically, and when he left for a six months' sojourn in South Africa two or three weeks afterward his wife was not among those who bade him farewell at the railroad station. By the time that he returned home, however, he had realized the act of injustice of which he had been guilty and permitted his beautiful wife to nurse him through his last sickness until the end.

At the time of his death it was stated that he had left his two sons and herself far more comfortably off than had been anticipated, and the sum of \$300,000 was mentioned as his fortune. But before his will was admitted to probate the late Mr. Montague, popularly known as the "benefactor of the Tory party," died, and among the obligations bearing the signature of the various members of the Conservative element, amounting in all to a total of some \$4,000,000, there were discovered J. O. U. of Lord Randolph Churchill to the extent of \$250,000, which cut a big hole into Lady Randolph's estate.

HER SALON WAS FAMOUS. Lady Randolph is not a woman to hide her light under a bushel, or to be content with mediocrity. As long as her husband was well off she prided herself on having the most perfectly appointed house in London. Everything in the Randolph-Churchill establishment in Connaught Place was of the superlative order.

All things were arranged on a princely scale, and the house was one of the first in London to be fitted with electric light. Lady Randolph's salon was as celebrated as her table, and it was a terrible blow to her when, owing to Lord Randolph's financial reverses, she was compelled to give up housekeeping and to reside with her mother-in-law, the old Duchess of Marlborough. There is no one that better understands how to spend money to the best advantage than Lady Randolph, and, moreover, she may yet require a great deal of it for the sake of her son, Winston.

In the event of the union of the present Duke of Marlborough with the daughter of Sir W. K. Vanderbilt, would using without issue, a conflict is certain to take place between the late Lord Randolph's eldest son, Winston, recently in Cuba, and Lord Randolph's eldest sister, Lady Wimborne, mother of that Mr. Ivor Guest who officiated as best man to the Duke at the wedding.

MAY CLAIM THE DUKEDOM.

When the Dukedom of Marlborough was created the victor of the battle of Blenheim had a son. But the latter died of smallpox at Oxford, and thereupon the Crown altered the patent of the Duke's peerage in such a manner as to enable it to descend to his daughters, of whom he had two, and it is the descendants of the younger of these two girls who now hold the title and estates. The peerage, therefore, in



Lady Randolph Churchill.

The report of her engagement to William Waldorf Astor has given rise to the suggestion that she will be as valuable an aid in furthering his political and social ambitions in England as she was in shaping the career of her former husband. On the other hand, there is a possibility that Mr. Astor's millions will be needed to secure the Marlborough title and estates for her son, in case the present Duke should have no issue.

the opinion of the most eminent genealogists and heraldic authorities, descends from the father, not to the eldest son, but to the eldest child, no matter whether a boy or a girl.

Lady Wimborne, whose Christian name is Cornelia, and who is perhaps the most influential and powerful of the great ladies in London society, was born after the late Duke of Marlborough, but before Lord Randolph, and in the event of the present Duke dying without issue, the dukedom, the entailed estates and the perpetual pension of \$20,000 per annum, would pass, not to Winston Churchill, Lord Randolph's eldest son, but to Lady Wimborne, who would become Duchess of Marlborough in her own right. Mr. Ivor Guest assuming the title of Marquis of Blandford until his mother's demise is one of the wealthiest peers in Great Britain, and thus his wife and son would have not only the entirety of London society and royalty to back up their pretensions, but also practically unlimited resources with which to defray legal expenses. Money is everything in such cases as this, and should she have the support of Mr. Astor's millions Lady Randolph could be relied upon to make a gallant fight in behalf of her son.

WOULD LOSE HER TITLE. By marrying Mr. Astor Lady Randolph will become plain Mrs. Astor, for her first husband was not a peer of the realm nor had he even a title of nobility in the eyes of the law, his predicate of "Lord" being purely a matter of social courtesy, such as is always accorded to the younger sons of Dukes and Marquises. With the American Duchess of Marlborough the case was different, but even there the practice of retaining in a second marriage the title of the first husband is discouraged, the Queen having insisted that the relic of Mr. Hamersley should be presented at Court on the occasion of her third marriage, not as the Duchess of Marlborough, but as Lady William Bessborough.

The attitude of the Prince of Wales toward Lady Randolph Churchill is to a certain extent influenced by the fact which she took to siding with her husband in his very bitter quarrel with the heir apparent. It was on the subject of the late Duke of Marlborough's intimacy with the Dowager Countess of Aylesford, who was the co-respondent in the divorce obtained by his wife.

The Prince, who was the most intimate friend and chum of the late Lord Aylesford, popularly known as "Joey," insisted that the Duke should adopt a certain course with regard to the scandal, especially in connection with some compromising correspondence, and when the Duke declined, brought pressure upon Lord Randolph Churchill to obtain his end. Lord Randolph resented this, and it is probable that no heir to a great throne has ever been called upon to listen to such a tongue-lashing as that to which he was subjected by Lord Randolph.

HOUSES CLOSED TO MR. ASTOR.

Mr. Astor is not yet popular in England, nor has he obtained any serious foothold in London society. The Countess of Cork, Lady Coventry and a few similar hostesses have opened their doors to him, Lady Cork even acting as his social sponsor. But the really great houses, such as those of the Duchesses of Buccleuch, Portland and Westminster, of the Countess Cowper, etc., are closed to him, not because there is any objection to his personal character, but merely because the great English nobles strongly resent the advent upon the scene of American multi-millionaires who are possessed of incomes as big as or bigger than their own, with no corresponding obligations.

An English nobleman who derives an income of \$1,000,000 from his estates probably has but a twentieth part of that sum—if, indeed, so much—which he can really call his own, or which he is at liberty to spend at will, the balance being taken up in charges of one kind and another upon his estates. This resentment was voiced by the Duke of Devonshire and many other wealthy peers, as well as by territorial magnates in the House of Commons during the debates last year on the subject of the death and succession duties. Then, too, Mr. Astor has antagonized a

number of prominent people by impolitic quarrels and oddities of manner, the effects of which, in event the marriage now being discussed becomes a reality, Lady Randolph will probably now attempt to obliterate, just in the same way that she smoothed away many of the angry passions aroused by the brusqueness and even downright rudeness of her first husband.

POUNDED INTO PARALYSIS.

A Worcester Produce Dealer Murderously Assaulted and Robbed in a Freight Car.

Worcester, Mass., Feb. 22.—Thomas Devoy, a wholesale produce dealer at No. 189 Mechanic street, was murderously assaulted and robbed in a freight car on the Blackstone street sidetrack last evening, and is now at the City Hospital, with no hope of recovery. He has several cuts upon his head, the most serious being upon the crown. The right side of the victim was paralyzed. Robbery seemed to be the motive of the crime.

Devoy had been engaged for several days in selling potatoes from the car in which he was assaulted. He was found lying upon his back unconscious. His pockets were empty, and on the floor beside him was found a \$1 bill, covered with blood. The door was not far from the injured man was a rusty scythe blade, upon which were a number of blood stains. The sum of \$80 was taken from him.

The local inspectors to-day have followed clues along several lines, and feel so sure that Franklin Buss, who was with Devoy in the car and who was thought to be implicated, is entirely innocent. The police have not succeeded in fixing the crime on any one.



Little Sylvester Schmall and His Assailant.

On the afternoon of January 29 Sylvester, who was the chief support of his mother and her two younger children, started to buy some candy at the store of Mrs. Jackson, on Manhattan avenue, Greenpoint. As he was about to enter the store John Buskaski, who was employed in a saloon at the corner of Manhattan avenue and Box street, chased away some boys who had been annoying him. According to Little Sylvester's ante-mortem statement, he started to run, but Buskaski tripped him up and then beat him so that he could hardly walk. Erysipelas set in, the result, it is said, of the wounds, and Sylvester died on Thursday night. Buskaski is a prisoner in the Raymond Street Jail.

LITTLE SYLVESTER DIED AFTER A BEATING.

Chased in Mistake by an Angry Pole and Struck with a Strap and Buckle.

Buskaski Had Been Annoyed by Boys Who Loitered About the Saloon Where He Worked.

ERYSIPELAS FOLLOWED THE BLOWS

To the Last the Little Fellow Thought of the Mother, Whose Chief Support He Was—His Assault in Raymond Street Jail.

In the one squalid room of a rear house at No. 112 Clay street, Greenpoint, where the Schmall family are literally starving, lies the body of eleven-year-old Sylvester awaiting a burial.

In Raymond Street Jail, Brooklyn, is John Buskaski, who, it is alleged, beat the fragile little fellow so severely with a strap and heavy buckle that death resulted from erysipelas, which, it is said, was due to his injuries.

Little Sylvester was the chief support of his mother and her two younger children. The father spends most of his time in nearby saloons, occasionally giving intermittent aid to the fish hawkers who live in this district. Sylvester was a very gentle and delicate boy. To use his mother's words, "He was so soft hearted and tender-like that he might have been a girl. He was not strong enough to do much work, and when he did an odd job at the glass house he would fairly dance with delight to think he could get second-hand shoes for his little sisters."

With his girl-like nature, the lad had a great love for candies, and on the afternoon of January 29 he started out to invest a penny at the candy store of Mrs. Jackson, on Manhattan avenue. Adjoining this place, and on the northeast corner of Manhattan avenue and Box street, is a beer saloon kept by Powell Olskewski, who employed John Buskaski as cleaner, handy man and occasional bartender.

Chased Away with a Belt. Olskewski admitted yesterday that John, who is a big, powerful fellow, often chased the boys away from the front of the saloon, and if he caught them had a habit of striking them with a leather belt, which he wore about his waist. It is claimed that the gambles of the district teased and annoyed Buskaski.

According to the ante-mortem statement of Little Sylvester, on that particular afternoon, as he was about to enter the candy store, he saw the man rush out of the saloon and chase some boys who were near there.

"He had a strap with a big buckle in his hand," said the little fellow, "and the boys got out of his way. He looked awful mad, and when I stood to look on he rushed toward me, so I started in to run."

"Then he put out his foot and tripped me up. I fell to the ground, and while I was lying there he struck me on the arms and legs with the strap and big buckle. He beat me as many times as he could, and when I tried to get up to my feet, he threw me down again and gave me ever so many blows with the buckle end of the strap, and it hurt awfully."

Out of His Reach at Last. "At last I managed to get on my legs and out of his reach, but I could hardly run. I was in such pain. Mr. Hill, of Kent street, called out to me: 'Pick up a stone and beat the brute's brains out,' but I only got away as fast as I could."

"I did nothing to the man to make him

hit me, and he had no reason at all for doing so. The man went into the saloon when I got away. I do not know his name, but he works there, and I think he is what the people call a 'Polack.'"

When Sylvester reached his home he was barely able to walk. His mother laughed at him and said he was like a little crippled old man. The boy only replied, "Yes, so would you walk like a cripple if you got licked as I did." He would tell no more. He had to go out and hunt for coal, so that some little warmth might be got into the wretched room.

Thoughtful to the Last.

The next day he was taken sick. His bruised legs and arms began to swell, and for days he lay in agony on the one miserable bed the room contains.

"As he lay there dying," said his mother



Actor Frank Dayton.

He is the leading man in the "Old Kentucky" company, and has recently had a disagreement with his wife, Mrs. Arline Athens Dayton, because of certain love letters found in his trunk. It says they were souvenirs of a contest of actresses to see which could write the best anatomy note, and were written by Miss Jessie Hatcher.

yesterday, "he would smile at his little sisters, who knew that he must be kept warm, and say, 'Don't put too much coal on the stove, or mamma won't have any for the morning.'"

At length he got so bad that some kind neighbor summoned Dr. Burke, of Kent street, and it was found that a fatal case of erysipelas had developed from the wounds inflicted by the Polish potman, Coroner George H. Nasod was summoned, and the poor little fellow's ante-mortem statement was taken on Wednesday morning last.

A warrant was issued for Buskaski, who resides at No. 608 Manhattan avenue, and he was arrested in Olskewski's saloon the same day by Acting Detective Behlen and Patrolman Kraemer, of the Greenpoint Police Station. The man was taken to the boy's bedside, but the little fellow was only half conscious then and failed to identify him. Patrick Hagen, twelve years old, of No. 39 Box street, and Mrs. Mary Hill, of No. 37 Box street, however, both positively recognized Buskaski as the man whom they had seen beating Sylvester Schmall.

A Pathetic Spectacle. On Thursday last the Pole was arraigned before the Magistrate on a charge of assault in the first degree, and held to await the result of the boy's injuries. The same night the poor little victim of his brutality died.

A most pathetic spectacle was presented at the dead boy's home yesterday. The mother sat nursing her youngest child, which cried out constantly for food. Covered with a torn and stained sheet, the rough coffin containing the dead boy's body stood on two chairs, occupying most of the available space in the little room. Some one had planned a roughly executed placard with the words "Our darling" on the faded window curtains above his head. The woman was distracted and half delirious with agony.

"My God, what will I do, now that he is gone?" she cried. "The poor little pet has not got a rag of clothes on him. They will take him away in the wagon; and his father has not even been home to see him since the blessed Lord took him."

"Now I must put my two precious little



Miss Jessa Hatcher.

She is the young actress who, as Dayton claims, wrote love letters in a contest for a prize and won. Mrs. Dayton found them, and would listen to no explanation, but left him. She called Miss Hatcher "the fat lady."

girls into a home. They must leave me, and I must go out to work. If only he could be put in a grave where I should know where to find him it would not seem so bad."

No Sign of the Father.

The elder girl, aged about six, was sobbing in a corner, with her head buried in the scanty covering of the bed. Sympathetic neighbors came crowding in, but were all to poor to offer any substantial relief. None knew where the father could be found.

Dr. J. Frank Valentine, Coroner's physician, of No. 130 Noble street, made an autopsy yesterday morning, and the surgeon reported that he found the right leg swollen from the hip to the ankle. The right arm is in the same condition above the elbow, and the cause of death was erysipelas.

The prisoner, who is now in Raymond Street Jail, awaiting the further action of the Coroner, while admitting that he had sometimes been compelled to chase the boys who make a point of annoying him and his employer, claims that he never saw the boy Schmall in his life before, and certainly never used a strap to thrash him. He will probably be arraigned at Greenpoint on a charge of homicide to-morrow.

AMENDMENTS WOULD KILL IT.

Increasing the Wool Duty a Source of Danger to the House Tariff Bill.

Washington, Feb. 22.—Mr. Dingler, of Maine, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, on being asked to-day what the effect would be of opening up the House tariff bill to an amendment increasing the duty on wool beyond the figure of the bill as it stands, said that he agreed with the Senate Republicans that any material amendment in one direction would invariably invite hundreds of other amendments, and thus practically open up the whole question of tariff revision, and swamp the measure at once.

The Senate Republican caucus took the ground that the only way to get any bill to the President to increase the revenue is for the Senate to pass substantial amendments, and this practically opens up the whole question of tariff revision, and swamp the measure at once.

ATE PARIS GREEN FOR CANDY.

Little Virginia Rosenthal Nearly Killed by a Rat Exterminator.

An ambulance from Bellevue Hospital was called yesterday afternoon to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. David Rosenthal, at No. 52 Avenue A. The ambulance physician found Virginia Rosenthal, two and a half years old, suffering from paris green poisoning.

The child was taken to the hospital, and after antidotes were administered it was said that a fair chance for recovery existed. The explanation given by the parents was that the child had mistaken the poison, which was intended as a rat exterminator, for candy, and had eaten some of it.

DAYTON'S LOVE LETTERS A JOKE.

The Actor Says Miss Hatcher Wrote Them in a Contest in Which He Was Judge.

By Her Permission He Kept Them as Souvenirs of a Piece of Pleasantry, He Says.

MRS. ARLINE DAYTON FOUND THEM.

In Spite of Every Explanation and Most Earnest Protests on His Part She Was Jealous, He Says, and Immediately Left Him.

Actor Frank Dayton, leading man in the "Old Kentucky" company, is not concerned over his arrest for failure to support his wife, Arline Athens Dayton, nor her charge that he has deserted her for another stage beauty, whom Mrs. Dayton characterizes as a woman who weighs more than 200 pounds. Mr. Dayton says that the \$7 a week which the Court has ordered him to contribute to his wife's support is also of no consequence to him, since he wins \$25,000 every day on the Lexington race track in "Old Kentucky," and consequently has money to ignite.

Dayton does object, though, to the narrative of his wife. He avers that he always cared properly for her. The cause of Mr. Dayton's trouble was two love letters found in his trunk by Mrs. Dayton. The letters were written by Miss Jessa Hatcher, who was at the time a member of the "Derby Winner" company. One read as follows:

"My Only Darling—I have only a minute to tell you how much I love you, and how I longed to write to you to-night. I was forced to go to that restaurant, but if you only knew how uncomfortable I was, and how I longed to be with you, my sweetest darling, my angel. I love you more than ever. I can see you now lying on the sofa, and could take your handsome self in my arms and love you more and more every minute. If you could only come to me now and let me tell you so. Go to sleep and dream of me, the one woman in the world who is truly and sincerely devoted to you. Good-night. I love you, Frank."

HOW HE GOT THE LETTERS.

Mr. Dayton's explanation of the letters is in the subjoined statement written by him:

"The sensational articles that have appeared in the New York dailies under such captions as 'Red Hot Love Letters,' 'Dayton's Love Letters' and 'Gushing Anatomy Epistles,' have emanated from my young wife, Arline Athens Dayton, who has taken advantage of a harmless joke to injure me and make capital for herself. It is true that the letters found by her were written by Miss Jessa Hatcher, but they were not written to me, or, in fact, to any particular person. Last season several male members of the 'Derby Winner' company, in a spirit of fun, decided to award a prize to the lady of our company writing the best impromptu love letter. There were four competitors. Miss Hatcher being one. All of the letters submitted to the committee were truly marvels of endearment, but those of Miss Hatcher so far outclassed the others that she easily won the prize."

"I was selected one of the judges, and so amused was I at the contents of Miss Hatcher's epistles, especially the one that took the prize, that I asked that lady's permission to retain them as souvenirs of the occasion."

"In due course of time these letters, as such trifles often do, found their way into my trunk among a lot of other papers and letters, and were soon forgotten by me. My wife found them, and the innocent letters at once became the cause of much domestic infidelity. No explanation I could make would allay the jealousy aroused in my wife's nature, and since then the letters have been used by her to convey the idea that they were genuine and that I was unfaithful. In spite of all my explanations my wife in a jealous rage left me, bag and baggage."

Mr. Dayton said yesterday that he would leave New York to-day, and that he would never again see his wife, although he would continue to pay her the allowance ordered by Magistrate Kudlich.

MURDER FOR A REJECTED SUIT.

Daniel Resler Kills His Pretty Cousin for Refusing Him.

Indiana, Pa., Feb. 22.—Miss Ella Resler, the young lady who was shot in the head by her cousin, Daniel Resler, on Thursday afternoon, near Cramer, this county, died yesterday. The crime of Resler has created great excitement in the neighborhood of the tragedy.

Resler had long premeditated the deed, and not long ago followed her to church, carrying a gun with which he intended to shoot her when she came out. Before committing the crime he dressed himself carefully, and going to the mantel took down a bottle of whiskey. "This will be my last drink on earth," he said to his aunt, the girl's mother, and placed the bottle to his lips. He went out, joined his aunt and cousin, Miss Resler, and a few minutes later, while walking along the road, suddenly pulled a revolver from his pocket and sent a bullet crashing through Miss Resler's head, and coolly observing that he had fatally wounded her, sent a bullet through his brain.

He had been annoying his cousin frequently by his attentions and she rejected him. He had been drinking heavily of late, but was not intoxicated when he committed the crime. The funeral of Miss Resler took place this afternoon, the services being conducted by an uncle of the murdered girl.

G. O. P.'S 40TH ANNIVERSARY.

The Republican Party Celebrates Its Birth with Enthusiasm in Washington.

Washington, Feb. 22.—The fortieth anniversary of the birth of the National Republican party was celebrated with much enthusiasm tonight by the Union Republican Club at the Centre Market.

The first National convention, which had been arranged for in Washington, was held in Pittsburgh on February 22, 1856.

Thomas J. Loefer, president of the Union Republican Club, called the meeting to night to order, and at his invitation A. M. Clapp, one of the few surviving members of the Pittsburgh convention, presided over the exercises.

Addresses were delivered by Senators J. R. Hawley, of Connecticut; S. M. Cullom, of Illinois; and G. G. Perkins, of California, and Representatives C. A. Boutwell, of Maine; R. G. Cousins, of Iowa; C. N. Braun, of Pennsylvania; J. B. Sherman, of New York, and C. A. Munn, of Minnesota.

The invocation was delivered by Rev. C. H. Corey.